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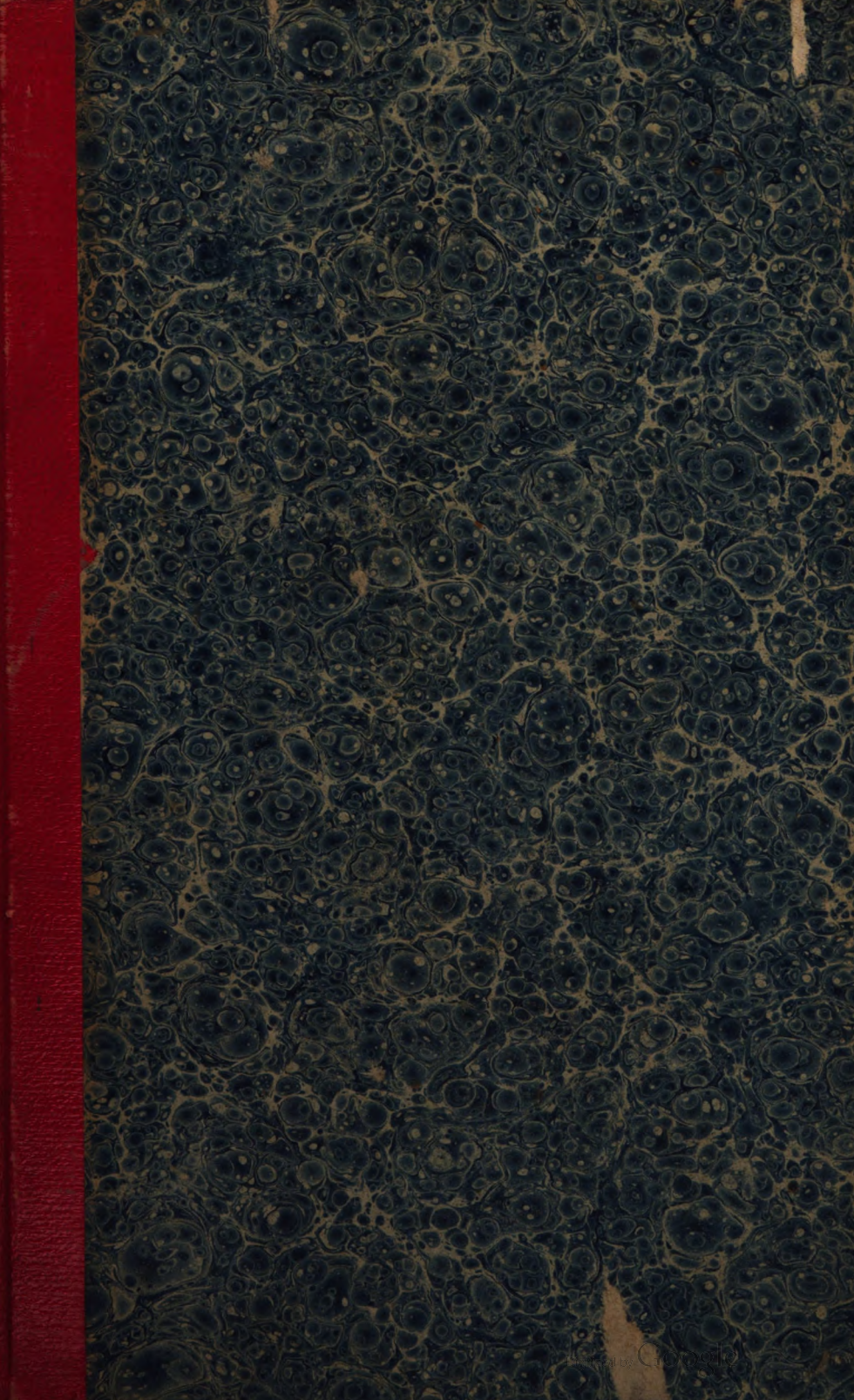
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44. 1320.



THE
ADVANCE OF SCIENCE,
AND
PERFECTIBILITY
OF
ITS PROFESSORS.

BY
JOHN H. GOLDSMITH.

Triumphant over all, we Science see,
In works of beauty, and utility ;
In great display, she sagely stalketh forth,
Affecting to refine, and lift man's worth ;
But 'twill be seen, by what the Muse has brought.
Whether she's good, or *charlatanerie* wrought.

"AMBUBAIARUM COLLEGIA, PHARMACOPOLÆ MENDICI, MIMÆ,
BALATRONES; HOC GENUS OMNES."

Horace, Sat. II.

LONDON :
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DEDICATION.

TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A certain body of enlightened philosophers known to the scientific world, as the "GOURMANDERIE," ordered one of their committees to report upon the growing insolence of young flies to their persons, when taking their after-dinner naps, and the consequent inroads that were in making upon their contemplations and researches, which, are ever the most fortuitous, when dreaming satiety explores the fruitful regions of its illimitable dominions.

It was then discovered that these predatory insects winnowed their wings, and disported their shanks upon the noses of their unhappy victims, in an exact ratio of the cubes to their respective sizes. That is, where the nose was three times as large, rosy, and glossy as any of its fellows, why, then, the fly had only to be three times as small, as any of its regiment of tormentors, to inflict eighty-one times the amount of misdemeanor and outrage.

This report so staggered my Muse, that she has done nothing but rave—like gluttoned avarice fearing pauperism—fancying that she has been transformed into one of those dream-destroying sprites, instead of what flattery ever told her she was—a little cherub, with zephyr-wings, fanning on discovery, and fostering its votaries; lending her pinions to Science, and plucking the down from her breast, in order that its tired head might gently rest.

Day's brightness, and night's solitude found no balm for her grief, no solace to her tears. At last, anxious relationship counselled as to the means of recovery; or should the result show its impracticability, to place her ravings under such care and restraint, that decency should not encounter offence, and their own feelings be exempted from the clamor of vulgar rebuke, and the pain of maniacal consanguinity.

IV.

Soothing's various systems were tried, and her amanuensis (he who pens this, by their desire) laid her strange malady before your august body : and then it was, the light of your penetration rapturized the world by proclaiming, that her wings, instead of those her fears imagined, were long enough for her intended flight ; nay, to make an *ÆRONAUTIC* trip through the whole ring of science, to sing of its greatness, and its professors' aptitude ; instead of tickling their noses, sipping from their lips, or imbibing inspiring draughts from the liquids of their eyes. Nay, you dispelled affliction from her saddened brow, by directing that her present effusion, or any she may produce hereafter, should be at once placed under your guardianship, that your fostering care and protection may stamp its value to the world.

I dare not stain the act, by any expression of her gratitude. A permission to dedicate an attempt so humble, to a body who have hitherto disregarded poetry as trifling, literature as tedious and unworthy of their attention, nay, to a body, (that their great inventions, and unheard of theories, may be realized to the world,) who have disregarded the opinions, of pseudo propriety, *CUSTOMARY* religion, with all the other attributes, which dotage of yore ycleped "consistency," "character," and the rest.

What if all the world were to doubt the enormity of your knowledge ! The time you have employed, the heads you have distracted, the journeys you have taken, the dinners you have eaten, the distance you have left your wives, and those pledges, which are dear to all but philosophy ; would turn scepticism herself, into a kneeling votary ; and soured disbelief, into a humble porter at your gates ; and lastly, the permission to add to your deep *well* of knowledge and truth, (should my Muse stumble,) this *drop*, is the most conclusive of all.

And that its *radiated atoms*, may form the nuclei of diamonds for your crowns, carbuncles for your noses, and amber for your eyes, is the crystallographic hope of your slave,

THE AUTHOR.

Egremont, Liverpool,
February, 1844.

THE
ADVANCE OF SCIENCE,
AND
PERFECTIBILITY OF ITS PROFESSORS.

" Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos :
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Angur, Schoenobates, Medicus, Magus ; omnia novit.
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum jusseris, ibit."

Juvenal, Sat. 3rd.

*" All sciences are centre'd in the man ;
Grammarian, rhet'ric-master, geometrician,
Painter, perfumer, soothsayer, physician,
Rope-dancer, fortune-teller—what you will ;
It seems there's nothing, that transcends his skill,
The hungry Greek,—but bid him mount the skies—
Claps on a pair of wings, and off he flies!"*

A spruce Esquire, one of the modern race,
That would "annihilate both time, and space,"
Did contemplate some aërial diversion,
And thus announced an innocent excursion,

" John !—bring my boots, portmanteau, and my cloak,
I find my steam's up by the scented smoke,

A

Good bye, dear Wife—I'm off for a short trip,
 Only to Afric, in my 'Aërial ship,'
 Thou need'st not fear Love, this one's quite complete,
 Not like my old one that in air upset,
 And, when 'twas struck, 'turn'd turtle' in its flight,
 Because it had not in the bows a light;
 Yet had not Henson's aërial run me down,
 I should 'th Pacific in two hours have done."

The Wife soft breath'd,—“I fear me this new fashion,
 Is not so safe as railway's *slow* progression;
 For last week an aërial lost each soul
 She had on freight, because she wanted coal;
 'Twas thought—as gentlemen with notions big—
 They deem'd to dig for them was *infra dig*;
 So powerless remain'd until, as stated,
 There, absolutely, they evaporated.

This week, the new screw'd 'Albatross' did ply
 The wide Atlantic, and her crew would try
 Alcohol steam, as they o'er ocean brought her,
 When, *half seas over*, they got *short of water*.
 The passengers on board this grand high-flier,
 Being in *high spirits*, next lost all their *fire*.
 So when the 'Eagle' bore up in their sight,
 They hail'd her, and politely begg'd a light,
 But as she was a temp'rance craft, no cask
 Of 'raw material' did they dare to ask,
 So that the gents. had, maugre frown and frump,
 To gain supplies, by working at the pump.
 Thus they rais'd water, still they lag'd behind,
 For next they found, they could not raise the wind.
 To 'work their passage' yet they did incline,
 'Till came a *bar* at th' equinoctial line;
 (There, tolls are very numerous we're told,

High in their charges—mostly *tipp'd with gold*,)
 Her owners, though in mathematics spel,
 With 'radius,' 'plus,' '*minus*,' 'a,' 'Y. Z.'*
 Theorem— problem—diagram—and plan,
 (As if reflection's only unto man,)
 Had *lightly* brought their calculations round,
 And found now, they were 'minus' a *few pound*.
 So having no fair ballast when they ventured,
 'Twas said, in th' skies, they were not '*fairly entered*.'
 And they were seized, suspected contraband,
 With their connection cut from sea or land,
 Fix'd—fast—impounded—without bit or sup,
 Come down—they could not—therefore were *sold up*.
 Then, dearest be not venturesome to-day,
 Nor, for mere pleasure, tempt the skiey way ;
 I should not like that you should sleep all night
 Amongst those clouds, although they're nice and bright.
 Nor, horrid thought, should I, amid some squall,
 Like you, 'mong mermaids, those loose fish *to fall*,
 For I am sure their depth of art ne'er fails,
 They ply *the glass*, and have amusing tales."

" John !—bring some cotton to put in my ears,
 And maps and charts of the celestial spheres ;
 Bring too the talc mask, or I'll lose my sight,
 When speed *is hot*, the *cold* is cutting quite ;
 Bring lamps thermo-electric, and new wicks,
 By my own heat to cook my own beef steaks ;
 But delicacies we will not take out,
 As living high, is apt to give the gout—
 Also the larynx box—aloft it's queer ;

* Query.—Wise Head.

Our spirits peep from out the eye and ear,
 Ready to leave us, when so short of breath,
 The air being thin, and we so swift, i' faith,
 But by this aid we can condense it so ;
 That breathing once or twice an hour will do,
 And we've full time, when passing over nations,
 To fish up natives, or make observations ;
 And don't forget that sublimated gin,
 Which we compress'd to crystal, to put in
 My outer pocket ; thanks to modern science,
 On such homoeopathy, we've true reliance ;
 And whilst our car through realms of rain it pops,
 We lack not comfort, as we take in *drops* ;
 We also contemplate this best of arts,
 Chrystallography's charms, in—*pints* and *quartz*."

The 'squire—with look significant—aside
 Now drew his man, and said, " put in beside,
 Some *liqueurs*, sweetmeats, and a cushion'd seat,
 Which e'en a lady might esteem a treat."

John shook his head, (Minerva's owl oft does)
 Grave as a doctor, shaking up a dose,
 " Aye, aye," quoth he, " these trips have some pretence in,
 'Tween our *old foils* there'll be some pretty *fencing*."

" Quick, sir, bring luncheon, whilst I chat.—
 Now Mary,—
 Dearest, my Love, be not so contrary,
 As for those 'tolls' thou never needst to fret,
 Over '*the line*' we very quickly get,
 Pardon me, Dear, when, as descriptions pass on,
 Thou find'st me perpetrating puns *en passant*,
 Out of my way to walk for them I'd not,

I merely utter them when *on the trot*.
 To Afric's sands I only wish to pass,
 To see if they be silica for glass,
 For now each Lady by her glass is ruled,
 And now each Gent. is by his glass befool'd,
 Profit, and pleasure, offer on the route,
 Therefore your husband he should idle not ;
 What's to be be well done, Shakespeare used to say,
 ' 'Tis well it were done quickly,' so crow-way
 We go on all occasions now, when fame,
 Love, mirth, or money is the ' mark'd down' *game*.
 Thus girls are deftly courted in a week,
 Married—are widowed—and fresh husbands seek,
 Ere that their elders company had seen ;
 Whilst men are ripe, and rotten by nineteen,
 What took ten years, *we* try in one to do,
 Dispatch, and condensation being '*the go*.'
 Our lives, in fact, are ebullition all,
 'Till doctors cool us—bringing us *to pall*."

" Yes,—moderns (oft I've heard you to aver)
 Are more '*enlighten'd*' than the ancients were,
 But this I question, since *each one* we count,
 Philosophizes on his own account !
 In th' game of life, *worth* seldom meets reward,
 Whilst the worst player, draws the better card ;
 Mark the true scholar, of well order'd mind,
 Whose book's his world—whose manner's meek and kind,
 He'll venture forth to breathe the gen'ral air,
 But shrinks, dame fortune's *protégé* to hear ;
 He finds, on such, the claims of sense are weak,
 Whilst his own studies sensitive him make,
 Then *doubts* if learning e'er to bliss hath led,
 Since he seems happiest, who's the thickest head !

Yet lecturers quite 'learned' now abound,
 And scatter their *light* like glowworms all around !
 They *know the world*, its animals, nay, age,
 Quite well, since *earthly* studies were the rage,
 They'll count ye *crusts*, all stratified that lie,
 With fossil bones in geologic *pie*.
 And though such things in dark confusion mix,
 The time, when they were uppermost, they'll fix,
 E'en re-arrange 'the orders' that are in't,
 And tell the time their types did give *imprint*.
 Then from the evidence each stratum bears,
 On its own bosom, they'll conclude that years—
 Centuries, ages, countless must have past,
 From the first principles of life, to th' last,
 They think—so general are their rank positions,
 The world was under 'different conditions,'
 And that Creation was inferior, common,
 Superior, noble, till at last came—woman !”

“Lady, I bow, to ye, we yield the palm,
 Few are admirers greater than I am.”

“Then listen, and be influenced, for that way
 We women like to exercise our sway.
 Then as to minerals, chemistry's so grand,
 Detecting particles that form the land,
 Solids, of all kinds, will they decompose,
 And place their separate atoms all in rows ;
 They'll name their names, and shew us what form'd masses,
 Then decombine these atoms (?) and form gasses !
 Thus proving, looking in your face, that something,
 Which makes up every thing, is really—nothing !
 If earthly studies then—you're late vocation,
 Give this clear *finish* to the education,

And nothing beyond 'nothing' surely lies,
 Why do you seek by *heavenly* ones to *rise*?
 What is the use of rigging up machines,
 To get, *unbid*, behind celestial scenes?
 To mortal eyes nought *there* can plain appear;
 Then *nothing* you'll make out the same as here;
 With 'mathematics' you would, quite perverse,
 Ride on a comet round the universe;
 Thinking, *mechanically*, all is done,
 From 'monad's whirl,' to 'orbit of the sun!'"*

"Yea, true it is—who're educated so,
 At last they find—they 'nothing' really know!
 The more we search, the more we are perplex'd;
 This world we'll know not, till we know the next;
 Why, thou'rt perfection,—reason's self, my dear,
 Like LABDNER,† physical, logical—nay, clear!"

"When woman has an *object* in her view,
 More true *philosophy* has she than you;
 Her soul being *bent* upon the end to gain,
 In danger, business, love, in joy, or pain,
Straight she'll pursue—denying all denial,
 Proving most patient in the hour of trial."

"Thou'rt quite correct, nor do we dare demur;
 But I'll describe what new attainments are.
 (Secret designers, of their schemes e'er full,
 Thus falsely dazzle, in the hope—to gull.)
 True, *earthly science* revels without fault,
 But 'march of mind' has now come to a *halt*;

* See the curious speculations of Leibnitz, and Sir Richard Phillips.

† The amiable gentleman, who in his illustration of the practicability of steam boats for transatlantic adventure shewed the propriety of balancing properly the *heavy side*.

The olden track then nothing gives to do ;
 Whilst fame, and fortune point to something *new*.
 So, to gain eminence, we seek inventions,
 Write, act, and talk, *above* men's comprehensions ;
 Upwards to rise, now each *high soul* will burn,
 And our *great heads* there sapiently *turn* ;
 Goose-pinion'd poets renovate their fyttes,
 Who erst, above themselves, had lost their wits.
 Hence magic aërials,—and they've *uses* too,
 Wide fields of speculation ope to view ;
 The trackless deep has nought that can compare,
 To trackless kingdoms of blue ambient air,
 Where sage *savans*, of all kinds, pale explore,
 (More p'raps for pence, than for pneumatic lore,)
 They find ' *effects* ' far different are above,
 Some being more powerful,—some, they find, remove,
 Airs, fluids, forces, differently blend,
 And weight is lost the higher we ascend,
 As, further from earth's centre that we fly,
 The less we find of what's call'd ' gravity ;'
 Hence, what's a *ton*, at London, sure we find,
 Is *more* at Moscow, and *less* at the Ind.*
 New laws of nature we'll discover soon,
 Search all the *sky-lights*, scan the sun and moon,
 And next, rehearse the ' music of the spheres,'
 As we *beat time* in both the hemispheres ;
 Instance,—we wing from London to New York,
 We start at day-light, and reach it in 'th dark,
 For steering westward, we *gain* on the sun,
 And thus in NO TIME is our journey done !''

* The earth being an oblate spheroid, its axis is to its equatorial diameter, as 229 to 230, hence the difference in gravity.

"Ye, 'fly by night' then, like Macbeth's fair friends,
 And look down *coolly* on dame nature's ends,
 No strict appointment can be kept, I see,
 Time differing four minutes to each degree,
 Quick transit, former calculation mocks,
 And you must have *fresh hands* unto your clocks.*
En route you'll see some strange 'effects' decided,
 And that the world's '*unequally divided*,'
 But looking *downward* on the landscape fine,
 Is monstrous queer, for there is no outline!
 The tops of every thing are seen as flats,
 With creatures creeping under tops of hats,
 Towns look like Mosaic patterns, done in slate
 Or tiles, with roads in intersection neat,
 Cathedrals are like boxes, spires mere pegs,
 And then the cattle seem to have no legs,
 Earth's like a garden, waters burnish'd shine,
 Whilst rivers curve like veins of silver'd line;
 But all are map-like, light and shade (subdued)
 Are oft refracted in the objects viewed.
 Without *relief* too, is your picture found,
 Like a mere chintz upon a plain broad *ground*."

"Thou'rt graphic, love, amidst simplicity,
 Yet only *once*, thou flewst away with me;
 Thy heart was great, to venture with a swain,
 But then—it was a *husband* to obtain!

*The inconvenience arising from the difference between London or Greenwich time and provincial time, has been already much complained of in railway travelling, as a serious amount of difference occurs according to the distance from the meridian, which occasions frequent disappointments from meeting the trains. A simple remedy, however may be applied to all railway and other clocks: by having a smaller inner circle of the hours described on their faces, where a pair of smaller hands might be set, to the true Greenwich time, which would be then moved by the same machinery that works the local time. And thus the amount of difference would be constantly apparent.

And, did I not know thy mem'ry is bright,
 I should have thought thoud'st *often* gain'd that height,
 Whence such sublimities we feel, and see,
 That so enthrall us in sweet ecstasy ;
 Apply what then experience doth impart,
 To ' mend the morals and improve the heart ;'
 We scan with joy the workings of the mind,
 That shew the present age to be '*refined*.'
 In that blue æther tranquil, when above,
 Where all is order, harmony, and love :
 Oft do I mourn the frailties of our kind,
 And look with pity *down* upon mankind."

" Hark, what a noise !!—why, what a horrid crash ;
 More *war in china*—crockery they smash !
 John—Betty—what's to do ?"

Lo, John appears,
 With lengthen'd face, and still more lengthen'd ears ;
 Stammering, he spoke,

" Sir, as I went below,
 Bet. seized the bellows, and gave me *a blow* ;
 Crying my taking them aloft was stuff,
 For *aërials* should *go off* without *puff*."
 Then in a whisper added,

" Sir, 'tis plain,
 Bet's jealous, for she vows with might and main,
 We've but contriv'd this thing on high, that twirls,
 To soar *above all scandal*—with our girls !"

" Silence ; although with *her* you can't agree,
 Did you e'er hear that scandal speaks of me ?"

" I heer'd Lord Softop at the club, he says
 Since you begun to take to them *highways*,

With cargoes *fair* he cannot but remark,
That '*flying upwards*' proves you are a *spark*."

"Begone sir, now, and act with Betty, wiser,
Utter some blandishment, and 'mesmerize' her."

"Dear Wife,—John's but an aeronautic clown,
Who scarce has learn'd to rub an aërial down,
On flight no splashing and foul dust occur,
Yet bright is not my ærostatic car ;
Therefore, I've just been telling him, though low,
How to *improve*, and *mend his manners* too."

"Indeed, dear husband, servants are a bore,
The more they know, inquisitive they're more,
My maid, impertinent, last week, told you,
My cashmere sparkled with the *mountain dew*,
And hinted, just as if that I had been
On high with some one, in an air machine,
But I'm aware you've confidence in me,
Who seek no gossiping, nor sights to see."

Just then, the maid, with manner sly, but bland,
Came with a *Billet* to her Lady's hand,
Simpering in tones soft, timorous, and weak,
'Ma'am, from the gentleman, what call'd last week,'
The husband sees a tint suffuse her brow,
And in solicitude address'd her now,

"What is it love—pray what, that makes thee ill?"

"No-othing—that's-s—b—but—a millinery bill."

Then, dextrous, drew one from her bosom's folds,
To substitute the letter which she holds.

"Egad! one hundred and thirteen pounds ten!
Here, here my dear, pray put it back again."

"Come John, be quick, the glass is up to 'fair,'
I long to start for sweet's the morning air,
Thank this invention, of *ennui* when 'fraid,
Like to Prospero, Aërial gives me aid."

"I would that acts of parliament were made
To stay 'invention's,' speculative trade,
For really times and manners seem quite changed,
And social rules and comforts quite deranged,
The very Men now know not, I declare,
Whether they're form'd for earth, for sea, or air,
'Submarine ships' they sail in—(strange to tell,)
That like hydraulic nautili in shell,
Dash through the salt sea, rise or fall at leisure,
Astonishing old Neptune beyond measure.
'*Britons will rule*', his court aloud doth shopt,
'They've got the trident, and will *fork us out*!'
They, poor crustacea, and testacea *dish*,
And for amusement shoot the *flying fish*,
They tease by *smoking*—sometimes, making drunk,
The green hair'd Triton with his crimson'd *conch*,
And youths will serenade the Nereid bands,
Whilst Jews, as usual, with *gold fish* shake hands.
These will contend—(but we would fain admonish)
That MIKBA, and their MISHNA, mean get *monish*,*
No storms affect as far below the surge,
I'm told they scud, and from the rocks will verge.

* MIKRA, the written law of Moses, or law 1st.—MISHNA, the oral law of Moses, or law 2nd.—See TALMUD, clear as mud.

Yet evils rise, that cannot be endured,
 The fish they fright so, that they can't be *cured*;
 The sea being lit with gas, by steam warm'd through,
 Puts the poor *fry* in perspiration's *stew*,
 But, what a mode for passengers to steer in!
 To dive 'mong dog-fish—chase the half-red herring.
 Search among sea weed, then red isis rock,
 To judge 'twixt *real turtle* and the *mock*,
 Or, feast with natives in their corall'd holes,
 Or sup with *crabs* and melancholy *soles*.
 Cull Neptune's wine cellar, where but repose,
 The *barrell'd* sea serpent, and *bottle-nose**
 To 'call up spirits' you must then '*drink deep*,'
 And lull'd in *ocean's bed*, may sink—to sleep."

"Bravo! but they'll grow *scaley* to the letter,
Sov'reigns don't go there: *AERIALS* are better,
 Far better too, than tunnelling for riches;
Boring for treasure out of Pluto's breeches;
 Grov'ling in dirt, with engineers called—*civil*,
 Who're *undermining* like the very d * * * l.
 They go like moles, within the dark cold ground,
 From land, to land, as mites the cheese around.
 We contemplate strange changes by our plan,
 And consequences wonderful to man.
 The 'landed interest' may control the weather,
 Working their wills, and nature's ways together;
 Clouds may be cleared, to bring the sunshine out;
 Wind may be *rais'd*, like water, by *the spout*.

* "The barrelled sea serpent."—This serpent has been frequently described as looking in the *middle part* (?) "like a series of flour barrels when linked together," reaching from here to yonder, but no one yet ever saw *the end of it*!—"Bottle Noses."—A species of whale must be here meant, although other kinds of bottle noses may be often found in wine cellars.

When rage storms wild, and wind is then too high,
 They'll raise them *higher*, over all to fly ;
 Bright Sol they'll heat by blowing up his coals ;
 Rain they will stop, by 'pegging up the holes ;'
 Crops will be fructified to suit men's views ;
 The field—like 'Change—being covered o'er with—*dews*,
 When summer's sunshine swelters in its glow,
 Screens may be spread to shadow all below.
 If winter harsh, brings too much ice or snow,
 They'll shower down boiling rains to make a thaw ;
 They'll visit stars, to cheer by such assistance,
 For pride makes *dull* those *keeping at a distance*.
 If night, too dark, the lover's spirit damps,
 We'll light the world by hanging out our lamps ;
 Beauteous the sight, to see us whirl, and rise,
 Flitting, like fire-flies, in the lit up skies.

Romantic ladies, dreaming of elopes,
 May now *ascend*, by 'ladders made of ropes ;'
 And when they want to gain some special end,
 They can, *sans ceremonie*, drop a friend ;
 They may too, coquet with the 'man in th' moon,'
 And thus they'll find our aërials a boon,
 The *bon vivant* of wit, of love, and wines,
 May choose his hotel from the various *signs*,
 Teetotalers may wing to *watering place*,
 The Methodist scale heaven, with good grace.

Astronomers may search far systems round,
 (And stellar wonders, yet unknown, be found,)
 For these rare Pundits eclipse all of yore,
 Chinese, Egyptian, or Hipparchan, lore—
 And say, 'a set of new form'd constellations
 They'll give to guide, and to illumine the nations !'
 A gen'ral turn out, preludes sad disasters,
 The upper regions having got new masters ;

First—the old servants must be ‘all reduced,’
 Then a new planisphere be introduced !
 The ‘Plough’s’ *to go*, they’ll go to war with Mars,
 They’ll great ‘Orion’ *cut*, to little stars,
 They’ll hear no more of ‘Leo’s’—‘Scorpio’s,’ *tails*,
 From ‘Pisces,’ and from justice, take the ‘*scales*,’
 ‘Aquarius’ must of *claret*-jug be shorn,
 That ‘Venus,’ nor the ‘Bull’ may *fill their horn* ;
 The ‘Virgin’ pouts, and ‘Perseus’ shews not mirth,
 Since ‘Twins’ no more will be allowed a *berth*.
 Thus out go worlds, the *nebulæ* among—
 E’en Saturn, *hero of the ring* so long,
 Nay, Jupiter, to nothingness must melt,
 He’ll *lose his place*, and must resign *the belt*.
 Southern, northern, neither one, nor t’other,
 Must dare again to---*wink at one another*,
 How hard though, fav’rites of the combinations,
 Have, in old age, to *seek fresh situations* ! !

Surveying will be quite control’d by us,
 Countries we’ll keep to *proper limits*, thus
 Some we’ll relieve—bring out what back are thrown --
Model republics,—and *some* soften down.
 Our Architects may sink, or raise—*the pile*,
 Planting their ‘heavy loads’ upon the soil,
 Whilst we assist, *in course*, to please the people,
 At Doric temple, bearing—Gothic steeple !
 Where are comingled, circ’lar arch, and niche,
 Triglyph, and freize—cusp, crocket—to enrich !
 Strange—they confuse each order, style, and class ;
 Eastern, Classic, Anglian, Mongrel, *en masse*.

To similar *taste* the sculptor squares his moulds,
 Draping his heros in rich Roman folds !
 I see, dear Mary, this gives thee surprise,
 To judge by the expression in thine eyes ;

For styles *thou* canst discriminate, that come
 From Indus, Memphis, Athens, and from Rome,
 Or, 'tween the Saxon, Norman, Pointed, Free,*
 And Perpendicular of thine own country.

Steam boats, and barks, may 'rest upon their oars,'
 For thousand's tons more swiftly gain your shores;
 Long ample sea ships, will be built by——th' mile,
 And their rich cargoes drawn be, by our toil;
 Fleets of all nations will on ocean ride,
 Yoked to our aërials, flying o'er the tide.
 We'll *set new airs* to make 'fresh breezes blow.'
 Like *setting* bricks to make one's houses grow;
 And then, should war 'let slip his dogs' again,
 The fight will be transfer'd from field, and main;
 Storms, charges, sieges, boarding, mine, or bomb,
 Will be as nought, to th' tactics where *we* come,
 Our chivalry did treat their foes to *balls*,
 To *field sports*, exercise in ligneous walls,
 And *kept them warm*, (as charity e'er teaches),
 Sailors *cutting out*,† soldiers *making breaches*.
 We'd pass o'er towns, and crush with pigs of lead!
 Whilst Mesmerizing armies, and their head,
 The very thunders would we catch in th' sky,
 And shew our enemies how *pigs may fly*;
 Ten thousand chariots wing'd like demons dire,
 Would clash in clouds, in strokes emitting fire,
 Their 'shrapnel'd' beaks would fly each other through,

*"Pointed, Free, and Perpendicular."—In noticing the three styles of English architecture, namely, the "early English," or "lancet style," the "decorated" style of the middle period, and the florid, gothic, or "perpendicular style," which ceased in the reign of Henry VIII. The word "Free" as applied to the decorated style is most appropriate, for its lines were flowing, free, and beautiful; and it is by far the most graceful and elegant of the three kinds of architecture so admirably adapted for ecclesiastical purposes.

† Lord Lenox says he could shine in that service, having practised much with the scissors.

Bursting their boilers as *in transitu*.

Thus we'd 'walk into them,' holding our own,
And blow them all—not heaven-ward *up*, but down.
Ah, war, insatiate, makes whole armies fall,
Devouring them, like bacon, *sword* and all!"

"These may be true, but still it is not clear,
Mankind's much better; and well we may fear,
Whirling aloft will turn their heads, in dizziness,
Making them sigh to get *above their business*.
You know *I've* nought of science; but they say,
In *rising*, Fahrenheit first shows the way,
But then, my dear, to memory recall,
How soon barometers indicate the *fall*.
Have no investment then in clouds,—a feather,
Shares, and machines, will tumble down together;
Nor mind the 'circ'lars,' circulating towns,
With 'prices current,'—Merchants' *ups and downs*,
'Tis truly strange, you men should strive to climb,
And get to heaven, so much before your time."

"See! see!! how skims that patent aërial!
Pray let me lead thee to the oriel;
Look up my love—one, two; how grand! now three;
Nay more,—it is a race we plainly see,
Gallantly come they, glitt'ring in the sun.
And now across the sky their course is run,
Unlike dull 'traders' seeking for mere treasure,
Æronautic yachts are these, of pleasure."

"Astonishing, indeed!—the boundless air,
And skies subservient unto you, now are;
Yet to Lord Byron's eye such things appear'd,

*He saw—‘an ærial ship, it tack’d and steer’d.’**
 Great minds are oft prophetic, but they say,
Few see events of the forthcoming day;
 Then still I ask, what *good* you gain, that’s vital,
 Thus entering heaven, and without a title ?”

“Men of *all ages*, wife,—and of all size,
 Have look’d, and long’d to flee in yonder skies,
 ’Tis there, thou knowst, that *matches* all were made.
 (But *Lucifer* now plies that fatal trade.)
 Not rapture only did they seek above,
 Though there, acknowledged, are the realms of love;
 But travelling there, sublimer things they’d see,
 And demonstrate, at length, *Great Man is free!*
 They tried all schemes to reach those realms of weather,
 And imitated birds, all but the feather.
 Broad wings of wild fowl furnished ancient elves,
 Who for the goose did substitute—themselves.
 Authors were first to seek ambitious flights;
 Then next, the merchant found the use of ‘kites.’
 ‘Accompts,’ and ‘debit notes’ for cars were ‘hits,’
 And wings were excellent, when made of writs.
 Cupid, on earth who holds the keys of heaven,
 To elevate poor man, *his* help hath given,
 Bacchus hath many good ideas inspired,
 Prolific brains, with *flying thoughts* he’s fired.
 Mercury made men note ‘what’s looking up,’
 As they would fly to trade, to trick, and swop;
 For all the ancients were vast fond of riches,
 And fill’d their pockets, though they had no breeches.
 Though wings of Dædalus did not as bid,
 And envious sunshine Icarus undid.

* See his “Vision of Judgment.”

Montgolfiers answered—then was *gas* found out ;
 By which some got up, more got *up the spout*.
 And thus fair science promised very soon,
 She'd show her sons, the daughters of the moon.
 But after all, mechanics our progression,
 'Tis **WE** who've gain'd *the top of our profession*.
Altius ibunt qui ad summa ni-

Tuntur ; we hear the cheerful sweeps' men cry.

In *aërial craft* *we* cruize, of our paternity,
 To any place between here—and eternity !
 Machinery's absolute,—so have reliance.
 To laws of *gravity* we set defiance,
 Laugh they who will, *o'er better heads we go*,
 Being '*up*,' most surely, to a thing or two.
 Then fear not, Mary, when we twain were courting,
 Did I not pay you *flying visits*, sporting
 My *aërial* thorough-bred, on each mild day,
 Whilst '*fly not yet*' you still to me would play ?
 And notwithstanding, Ma's dull looks, and weather,
 Did we not finally, take a fly together ?"

" True, dearest, but these fragile skiffs, with wings,
 They seem magnetic toys, quite gimcrack things ;
 Slender dependence on such things you'll find,
 In storm magnificent, or great whirlwind,
 And confidence doth banish care, I fear,
 For accidents are frequenter each year ;
 But yesterday, the '*Patent Star*,' *en route*,
 Had a *fracas*,—two passengers *fell out* ;
 They burst their noses, and more to provoke,
 Next '*put their pipes out*,'—so she couldn't *smoke*.
 Then fast they were, for 'twas with them *all up*,
 All but the steam, and they were forced to stop.

Up too they might have staid, as I opine,
 But that they dropp'd unto their friends a line,
 And then a school of boys, did quick begin,
 To pull them down, amidst the cry '*all in!*' "

"Nay, dwell not on mischances, that befall
 The aëronauts of this terrestrial ball,
 For rest assured much happiness ensues,
 On making tours, so bright in 'birds-eye views.'
 We float so lightly, and so graceful swerve,
 Sweep on, and circle, that our every curve,
 Is like the lark's, which to its gentle mate,
 Carols its course on pinion all elate ;
 And oft at eve, ere that the setting sun,
 Throws his last glories o'er the day that's done ;
 We meet in fleets, that seem the sky to fill,
 Salute with trumpets, and perchance, quadrille,
 Our very natures rise then with our station,
 And the soul feels its actual *elevation*.

'Twas well the 'Patent Star' had not gone far,
 Since it appears, she's not a *falling*—'*star*';
 But the account may be an idle tale,
 Or 'got up' to 'beat down' the broker's sale.
 So ne'er believe one half the tales told you,
 For of the parts you can't say which half's true.
 See *now* how safe are all our aërial freights,
 Statesmen e'en venture up to *fearful heights*.
 They waste not time in parcelling 'sum tottles,'
 Idly *discussing* any thing, but—bottles.
 But soon they get *above* 'the good o'th people',
 And skim away o'er tower, and town, and steeple?
 What just, what gen'rous, Patriots are these!
 Solons in wisdom, (a-hem ! *solan geese*.)

The tour of Europe being a *beaten track*,
 Our fashionables fetch thus Rome, and back.
 And really we have exquisite delight,
 When soaring on a calm, and moonlight night.
 Turmoil has ceas'd, low music's soften'd sound,
 Enhances the enchantment reigning round.
 Above us shines, more clearly, each fair star,
 Where distant suns, and sidereal systems are
 In sapphire concave, beautiful, intense,
 Quivering their fires in radiant brilliance.
 Whilst all beneath, reposing in the beam,
 Are forest, tower, and town, the lake and stream ;
 The ocean mantles, in the silvery ray,
 As ploughs the bark her silent devious way ;
 Whilst roll around us vapours, gem'd with dews,
 Their halos tinted with prismatic hues.
 But ah, my love, we feel the most surprise,
 At the effect, on high, of great sunrise ;
 For orient streams dart forth with sudden glance,
 And their rich glories do the soul entrance.
 The heavens are fill'd with roseate streaks of light,
 That gild the path of the retiring night ;
 Cloud piled on cloud, are burnish'd in the beams,
 Like mounts of gold, all glittering with gems ;
 Whilst deep below, the misty world obscure,
 Is silent all, but brightens more and more.
 Light tips the peak, the hill, the wood, the spire,
 Till flood and landscape sparkle in the fire.
 Nature rejoic'd, now revels in the ray,
 And glad sounds come proclaiming—' it is day.' ”

“ All very fine,—but I remember yet,
 That these same clouds are always—very wet.

Amongst your *moonshine* damp, and cold, with dew,
 A girl's complexion soon looks very blue,
 And when, through mists—though so begem'd—one twirls,
We take in *vapours*,—*they* take out one's curls.
 Stars may look pretty—constellations gay,
 And beauteous ever is our *milky way*.
 But sunrise is a common thing to seek,
 And, I've no doubt, is found each morn in th' week.
 Then for mere scene-painting, pray do not roam,
 But play with me *a second* to '*sweet home*.'
 This patent travelling's wild, how can you say,
 It beats the dog-trot, of the old railway?"

"Communication being so much alive,
 The world, to Man, is now but a mere hive ;
 From star to star, he'll soon go by this power,
 Like to the bee that hastes from flower to flower ;
 He'll boldly through the realms of wide space roam,
 To bring new treasure to his earthly home.
 Merchants, in copper'd aërials will fly,
 With bales and bullion through the azure sky,
 Round all the atmosphere of earth, they'll route,
 The *circulating medium* to find out.
 The'll rush to th' zones, then to th' equator roll,
 And sleep at night attached to either pole.
 Lovers, for ladies, cleave the liquid air,
 And, in the twinkle of a star they're there,
 Shining in presence of their heart's desire ;
 All in a glow, with *blowing their own fire*.
 Now Gallipot and Bolus, we'll ne'er lack,
 Flocking, like wild duck, with their note of—*quack* !
 The busy Galen generally *hies*,
 To furnish Charon with his merchandize.

Children must have their little aërials too,
 To gambol o'er the rainbow's splendid hue,
 And, as they grow, we'll teach them *how to rise*,
 And all their predecessors' rules despise.
 'Knowledge is power,' I've always understood,
 Power to do evil; equally as good;
 Therefore should *we*, of justly train'd reflection,
 Give to young knowledge, a correct direction.

True, we in whirlwinds do come in for scars:
 Sometimes, we're pelted, by the falling stars.
 Meteors, and strange phenomena will blaze,
 Crash will loud thunderbolts, to our amaze;
 But if life's *lost*, so swift our steam-birds fly,
 We're sure to *find it*,—somewhere in the sky.
 Then as through æther we, delighted, post,
 We run down witches, and plague many a ghost.
 When very high, as Silence flits around,
 Where there's scarce air to undulate a sound,
 We study 'matter radiant' over space,
 With all our great *professors* to keep pace."

"What's 'space,' and 'matter?' pray don't smile rebuke,
 But tell me, what are they, from nature's book?"

"I will, my love, and we are ever terse,
 Space is the matrix of the universe.
 The womb of worlds—yea, even as sublime,
 As is eternity, the womb of time.
 Philosophers dispute its contents rare,
 And *plenum versus vacuum* declare.
 But what is—is—so Entity begin
 By granting room to put that *something* in,
 And that is 'space'; now here we MOTION find,
 Evident to sense, nucleus of mind:

This comes of *atoms*, which pervade, combine,
Impinge—with properties that are divine.

As no two atoms fill one point, or place,
Yet under *impulse* mingle, and displace,
It follows, vacuum must be betwixt,
Or particles, *in motion*, can't exist ;
All 'matter' would be *still*—'impulse' in vain,
Vain as in void, that *nothing* did contain.

(John, listening, enter'd with a dish—sweet bread—
And, as if t' illustrate this, scratch'd *his head*.)

Matter, and space, must then twin sisters be,
Each co-existent with eternity ;
And wheresoe'er these principles embrace,
There thrills and animates, the SOUL OF SPACE.
That mystic pow'r, unseen, insensible—
Moves all, yet is—incomprehensible !”

“ I could afford at such disputes to laugh ;
'Tis plain creation is of 'half and half.'
Certes by Scientifics you are back'd ;
Your sagest *Savans* ever being 'half crack'd.'
As all's comparative to human thought,
'Tis from *variety*, p'raps judgment's wrought ?”

“ 'Tis hence antagonist principles befall,
Which mind, and matter, govern and enthrall.
Hence physical change—affinity's revel,
Moral action, spring from *good and evil*,
MIND is, *with that it moves in, ruled the same* !
However, we'll pursue th' premising theme.

Imagine atoms in each breeze that's borne,
And in aroma of the dewy morn,

Now 'tis from these that substances combine,
Liquids, and solids, shewing——

John! some wine—

And if each particle invested is
With laws immutable, and properties,
It follows order—method—shall ensue,
As cause produces consequences true.
This earth's condens'd from such, in wide dilution,
Concentred, and arranged in revolution.
Systems, unnumber'd, of like orbs abound,
Encircling suns, dispensing light around.
Globes yet unformed, like shapeless mists of light,
Are still condensing, midst the stars of night;
Therefore creation never finish'd is,
For new forms rise from old affinities.
And changes vast o'er *this* world's surface come,
Witness, remains organic in her womb.
Yet all's progressive—Suns, they shine the same,
Whilst Time the planets' changes doth proclaim.
Life succeeds life—kind after kind doth flow,
As ages roll, and 'Species' onward go.
At length—as helical are revolutions—
Worlds burst!—*re*-forming from the vast solutions;
And thus, in numbers, of what we call 'years';
Some system fair, p'raps sinks and disappears;
Time snuffs some out, time lights up some new ray,
For millions' years are herein but a day.
The record of creation Moses made,
Names 'Days' as epochs, not as days of trade.
TIME is—duration, measure as you may,
Ye cannot form a *fraction* of ETERNITY.

O, 'mongst those great phenomena, I'd go,
Where far off points do glimmer, and do glow;
I'd sweep amongst their awful forms, and soar,
In reverence to worship, and adore."

“ Your steamer’s ready—(snug for *Mademoiselle*,)
 With bon-bons, noyveau, champagne, and moselle,
 The smiling valet, whisper’d to apprize him,
 Also materials for (*soberizing*.”)

This, *mal apropos*, like electric fire,
Shock’d our esquire, who bow’d him to retire.
 The lady, keen, saw consciousness was flush’d,
 For, ’squire unlike, he absolutely—blush’d.
 Then thus replied our amiable creature :

“ Weak are the ‘atoms’ of our human nature,
 To secondary causes you give name,
 Beyond those names, YOU NEVER CAN EXPLAIN !
 Materialists may shine, as *men of parts*,
 With wordy wind, like to the puff of tarts,
 Ornate without, the smile of *taste* to win,
 Disguising *shallowness of that within*.
 But if conflicting principles be test,
 It stands to sense to please the ‘sense’ is best.
 No matter what is ‘matter,’ if we find,
 The only good it yields is—to the mind.
 Hence woman cares not for abstruse relation,
 Creature of ‘*impulse*,’ following ‘*sensation*.’
 Your flound’ring amongst ‘atoms’ may be good,
 But seems much like a pig enjoying mud ;
 Sapient it grunts, quite happy in repletion,
 Not knowing anything, but by—*sensation* ;
 So after all, must animals *there* rest,
 Exist but in that, until life is past.
 Ye have *no* pow’r o’er aught in this world’s state,
 Annihilate ye cannot, nor, create.
 Then mutual love, your end and aim should be,
 And to do good —————”

“My dear, I drink to thee!”

“Like *us* then, make all matters please the mind,
And not to vain delusions be inclined.
E’en staid physicians, of diploma’d fame,
Who hold *certificates for killing game*,
Throng in your temple, where presides—Pretence,
To make their sacrifice of common sense.
What *mania* most prevails? with saint and sage.
The *hydrocephalus*!———a vulgar rage.

Anatomy, her forlorn fate bemoans,
Though once, her vot’ries rattled o’er their *bones*,
Like *au fait* gamesters; yet the modern set,
With doubts and difficulties are beset,
‘What’s this?’ said young Sir Tibia, and did pop
His hand upon a scull, in dealer’s shop,
Where curious things for the collectors were,
Made up with cunning, as commercial ware.
‘Aye, what indeed?’ surprised at the sight,
Responded the companion to the knight.
(It was a porpoise’s! which neither knew,
Yet still they ponder’d, and were puzzled too,)
They sought the SIMIA, HOMO, AVIS tribe,
In vain, its first live owner to describe.
‘Come dealer, solve this question, if you can,
What is it pray?’——“Tis *four-pence*,” said the man.

And don’t perpetually of ‘ARTS’ be quacking,
With—‘press hydraulic’—for china packing.
‘Galvanic process,’ meant but to obtain,
Bronze for the faces of your modest (!!) men;
Or, to embalm—like Thebes’ sons of old—
Crusting unworthy carcasses with gold,
That great-grandmothers, grinning, may enrich.
Thanks to ‘electrotype,’ each hall and niche,

With 'subtle fluids,' which you'd fain control,
 And bring, per magnet, *all hot* from the pole
 To lull our brains—add to, or take from—sense ;
 And bumpkins' bumps, *dispose* by the—pretence !
 Presume not fools, such trifling forbear,
 That wond'rous fluid reigns in earth and air ;
 'Tis ever present, working destiny,
 The secret agent of the Deity !

(Out dropp'd the *billet*, from her bosom's shrine,
 The husband saw it, but—he sipp'd his wine.)
 Even Florists now, by their 'guano' sped,
 Force poor old vegetation from its bed ;
 Our very walks yield curious sights, and rare,
 For locomotive plants now take the air ;
 They give us these, to match with those *lent* dishes,
 Ichthyologists' 'ambulat'ry fishes.'
 With chemicals, the soils of flowers they stain,
 Blue rose, or dahlia, with rich scent to gain.
 Scheming 'Societies,' so make things rise,
 Potatoes, positively, turn up their *eyes* ;
 And huge cucumbers, they so forward put,
 They're sent to saw-pits, that they may be cut.
 Cabbage astounds, exceeding other *heads*,
 And more productive are our parsley beds.
 Then steam's omnipotent—its pow'rs unfurl'd,
 Will turn wood legs, or pivots for a world ;
 'Twill do the offices of life, and beat 'em ;
 Raise, and cook dinners—next thing 'twill eat them ;
 It hatches eggs ! and to the fond machine,
 Unfeeling cruelty too oft hath been ;
 The owner, harden'd all remorse to smother,
 Constantly takes the young ones from the mother !''

“ List to the reason, 'tis all modern hatching,
 Goes to raise chickens, without *the scratching*.”

"Yes, yes, dear husband, ye still seek, I see,
 The 'royal road unto geometry.'
 And great ASSOCIATIONS form t' amaze,
 That feign *eclat*, whilst 'tis *argent* they'd raise ;
 They've famed High Priests, who th' rites of Science rule,
 And think the stomach is her vestibule.
 The 'master minds,' (who're e'er a hungry tribe,)
 Meet to *eliminate*, and, good wine—*imbibe*.
 Elaborate themes—display discovery,
 Take turtle soup with—trigonometry—
 To analyze, dissect, and shew they're wise on,
 Calculus differential, that's in—*poisson* ;
 Discuss, substantials, and sub-tangent sine,
 With algebraic equations of *Sir*—loin.
 'Squaring the circle,' round th' well laid table,
 To do which problem, Plato wasn't able.
 Ever Archimedean lines observing,
 That is to say, in geometric—carving.*
 No 'instruments,' with which you're so *au fait*,
 Can you e'er handle like the broad *fourchette*.
 Thus six feet bipeds !—low jacks at 'high game,'
 Shew skill in 'Sections,' class *entres*, and—fame ;
 Whilst nods go round, and rosy mirth is budding,
 Proudly they'll prove the parallax of—pudding.
 With *trifles*, iridescence, lemon jelly,
 Fill the cool cranium, and the warm belly.
 The purple grape then take, the luscious pine,
 And o'er the goblet, myrtle they'll entwine.
 Next pour libations ! *then*, what is the action ?
 Phreno—hypnoticism—*double refraction* !

* Of the luxurious Romans, one of their poets says: "to such perfection now is carving brought, that different gestures by our curious men, are used for different dishes."

Mark, members *all* in learning they are far gone,
 Which really means, conglomerated jargon ;*
 They'll talk, ye gods, to puzzle and surprise,
 How light, doth 'undulate' and 'polarize,'
 With face demure, portray (themselves, not proxies.)
 How they delight in '-ologies,' and '-doxies,'
 As through their sconces penetrates a ray,
 Which makes the animals think that it is day ;
 They feast, and strut, elated in their *light*,
 Deceived, like the ortolan †—*whilst in night !*

Thus whelps in science, who're not nine days old,
 Would lead the blind, for ignorance is bold ;
 They can ne'er see Truth's bright delectables,
 Were they, to 'mind's eye,' to put on spectacles."

"Speaking, dear wife, of what they do 'portray,'
 Reminds me of that art another way ;
Fair limners, vast facilities have gotten ;
 Who, 'stead of brushes, spread their tints with cotton.
 These lovely artists, rivalling the graces,
 Yet often *paint some very pretty faces.*"

This rous'd the lady, for 'twas plain unto her,
 Her lord, in beauty, was a connoisseur.

* "Conglomerated jargon."—The following is the fate of a single drop of spirits of turpentine, as *simply* described by a modern author :—

"The active calorific evaporation of the volatile constituents of the terebinthine liquid essence resulted in a residuum of the nature of a gum-resinous pellicle, attenuated with the unrectified portion consisting of particles of fibrous and secretory vegetable matter, arranged in chemical concretion, and mechanically comingled with the partially decomposed remains of animal and animalculine tissues, and inorganic compounds, incident to the floating and sedimentary condition of the circumambient atmosphere, whilst the fugacious portions as they became liberated, flew off to combine with atoms of similar densities and specific gravities, in due proportions, according to the play of affinities."

† The ortolan, being a bird that will only eat at sun-rise, the keeper who wishes to fatten it for the table, secures it in a dark room, and by occasionally introducing a glimmering light from a lantern, he succeeds in inducing the bird to eat frequently, as if day was approaching, although it is really in the dark.

"Sir—What do men? with all their boasted aids,
 Their 'studies from the round'—lines, lights, and *shades*.
 O, *shades* of Angelo—Raphael—divine,
 With your contempt, let pity yet combine.
 YE left us forms, whose vivid force would start,
 And yet your art went to conceal your art.
 Nature's real charms by *Genius* were given,
 And ye drew spells from its ideal heaven;
 Who now for fame do *canvas*?—mighty cakes
 Of chromes, of smalts, vermilions, and of lakes.
 Without true principles, in line, or shade,
 They *manufacture* 'gems of art,' for—trade.
 Their works with glare, and petty finish done,
 Prove not a laurel from true taste they've won.
 They've no idea of grandeur in the art,
 Who now foreshortens? who mind's throes impart?
 They'll paint, gauze clouds, with pond'rous loads impress'd,
 Groups, sex-less angels, with plaid small clothes dress'd;
 Playing cornepeans, stamp'd 'patent, London';
 Midst black, and white cherubs, looking *undone*.

Sketches, of all that's earthly, they have got,
 And views o' th' sun, as 'done upon the *spot*.'
 They'll, mawkish, give some trifling passion's tale,
 But in the flights of History they—fail;
 And yet they boast, their 'school, triumphant shines,'
 With *flying colors*, and with deep *designs*.

Heads they *take off*, and *murder* in a trice,
 And some 'daguerrotype'— what! th' human voice? *
 No,—but that art most excellent would be,
 In senate, pulpit, court, or company.
 For, as each Socrates his *quota* brings,
 We'd thereby fasten all his 'real good things.'

* "Daguerrotype, the human voice."—Sir I. W. F. Herschel has already invented a process by which he can develop "a dormant picture by the human breath."

With pleasure would such benefit be mix'd,
 Were words, once utter'd, permanently fix'd,
 For then the lover would become a spouse,
 Who erst, but laugh'd at his evanish'd vows ;
 And the great man, rejoicing in ' my lord,'
 Would stint his promise, or fulfil his word.
 And when report with sincere truth accords,
 Value will change, men wont *eat up their words* ;
 Bargains would hold, nor *lapsus*, nor yet ' flaw' theirs,
 (Now mark the good !) we might get rid of lawyers !
 Go on then scheming, different our leisure,
 Your pleasure, business—our business, pleasure."

" You're playful wife, but let your quizzing pass,
 We *have* done good,—I mean *we* of the ' ASS-
 SOCIATES' in wisdom, who labor gave,
 To prove that up and down, moves ' tidal wave !'
 That ' oil' to centres may stay friction's jars !
 That he who'd ' catalogue' should *count* the stars !
 That ' meteorology' the great sky mottles,
 That ' poison' wont poison—kept in bottles !
 That cruel ' spiders' (Zoologists teach ye,)
 Are yet of *habits* softer than crustacea !
 That ' magnetism terrestrial' is a dread,
 That tailors should tie knots—to ends of thread !
 (That *they're* deem'd ' fractions', where is the harm in't ?)
 ' No MAN *puts new cloth to an old garment.*'*
 We've also wrought good by our great ' statistics'
 ' Diagnostic' and ' prognostic' mystics !

* Ninth Chap., Matthew, 16th verse.—By which it would seem, as the Tailor
 " putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment"—*ergo* he is no " MAN." These
 paragons of virtue and philosophy can quote Scripture whensoever it suits them.

The 'cause'—the 'course'—'the currents of the wind,'
 Its 'violence'—its 'resting place,' we find ;
 We, horrors of, wild hurricanes explore,
 When loud the mad waves beat the sounding shore ;
 When lurid lightnings, vivid, flash around,
 Amidst the storm, and bellowing thunder's sound.
 O, then 'tis awful——magnificently grand,
 To see frail ships, as dash'd upon the strand ;
 To hear toss'd waters turbulently roar,
 Whilst, 'bove the tumult, peacefully we soar !"

"Yes dear, 'ye see when better eyes are blind,
 Pigs (now *pearl fed*) are said to see the wind ;'
 But of its 'cause' who judges—or pretends—
 Where he begins, just there his labor ends."*

"Thou thinkst, my Mary, all this 'ends in *wind*,'
 But come, love, to our labors yet be kind,
 Youth, of both sexes, are by us inducted ;
 LOVE is scientifically conducted --
 Ingenious applications of our aid
 Are, on both sides, most dexterously made ;
 Angles of incidence—also, reflection,
 Equally equalize their *imperfection* ;
 To th' mirror's oracle they all appeal,
 A cunning victory oer hearts to steal ;
 Gents. pad, paint, patch—and stuff, and swathe, and bind ;
 Girls leave no modern aid (but one) *behind* ;
 They *bustle* to th' toilet, adorn, and work
 False curls—teeth—eyes—and *members*, p'raps from CORK ;
 Bismuth and zinc—how white ! Hair-dyes—how fine !
 Then rouge *et* carmine—oh what tints—divine !

* See Gospel of St. John, Chap. 3, v. 8.—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

They study hard—as Cupid's devotees—
 Arts of *attraction* for *affinities* ;
 They love 'two strings unto their bow' to sing,
 Choosing much rather—two *beaus* to their string ;
 Holding (as breakers of the *ring*, a horse,)
 Until, in matrimony's pit, they course.
 Then mark the mighty pow'r we exercise,
 Influencing the earth—the seas—the skies ;
 The fulcrum—our Philosophy unfurl'd,
 The lever—Lecturing, that moves the world !"

"Stay, stay,—Methinks this 'spread of information,'
 That's so much boasted, brings contamination
 Affecting th' purity of soul-bred thought,
 Which faith engender'd,—which the Bible taught ;
 It leads men on mere 'reason' to rely,
 And shakes all solace centred in the sky.
 You, learning's paths would fain *macadamize*,
 And uprear Institutions—to surprise ;
 But time—remorseless—proves *in vain* ye haste,
 Unless your teaching's on RELIGION based ;
 Cut not that cable—safeguard of humanity,
 Nor cast, from earth, bright Faith, and Hope, and Charity."

"Thou'rt caustic and severe.—Admitting vanity,
 We do not dare compete with christianity ;
 E'en as a *system*, none we better find,
 To guide, to govern, and to bless mankind.
 Perhaps, unsettled we have, some opinions,
 We range so far in Science's dominions ;
 But now we seek more to *apply* our parts,
 And our discoveries, to useful arts ;
 We've found that matter never is destroyed,
 Nor e'er found *simple*,—always mix'd, alloy'd ;
 Twist, decompose it, chase it, as we will,
 It still retains a hold of *something* still.

We've found too, by our 'photographic' *traits*,
 That light has action! also, colored rays!
 'Metallic bases' we've produced, that come
 From soda, yttria, culm, and *diddleum*!
 Synthesis—and analysis, we take,
 Diamonds to melt—and diamonds too, to *make*;
 Gems we compose, (Egyptians did, of old,)
 And work so well, unto the tongue they're cold.*
 And arts, adul'trate, we've the trader taught,
 Who gains—though selling at the price he bought!
 In 'management' he shews, he fair and bright is,
 'Weighting' and 'staining,' with his fam'd barytes;
 He'll substitute—and all disguise! So think,
 Ye know not what ye eat, nor what ye drink;
 Flavor'd fish-sauce from tragacanth he'll plan,
 Mix turm'ric—mustard; salt—red lead—cayenne;
 Then dutch pink—tar—and copperas, we see,
 With sloe and spent leaves, make the best Bohea;
 And logwood—alum—syrup—spirit fine,
 Will yield, in a week, a vintage of port wine!
 What grand exploits? the ancients nothing knew;
 Although their works are somewhat fine, 'tis true.
 Old Homer said that 'Jove did thunder roll,
 And shake the solid earth from pole to pole.'
 'Twas not '*by Jove*,' our strict research has found,
 'Tis 'earthquakes' that so shake the solid ground!
 For, pent-up waters tremble for relief,
 Hydraulic'ly compress'd, like 'compress'd beef';†
 On earth's secretions—sub-medial, that fill
 Her cavernous beds—rear higher columns still,

* The natural gem is much colder than the artificial one, hence they are often tested by the tongue.

† "Compress'd beef"—a patent mode of preparing that substance.

Whose liquid weight, piled on th' imprison'd first,
 With mighty forces confin'd caverns burst !
 And, as in Nature's great œconomy,
 NOTHING STANDS STILL, ———"

" In your gastronomy."

" Volcano's fires, love, dread eruptions take,
 From chemic powers, in wondrous ' piles voltaic !'
 Again, the truth ' pneumatic railways' bring,
 Is, ' *pressure from without* 's a serious thing."

All chemic acts, corpuse'lar change induce,
 And, well *thou* knowst, excitements HEAT produce ;
 As when o'er lungs, the vital oxygen,
 Spreads its pure flow, combustion doth begin,
 And heat evolves, just similar in relation,
 To the ' caloric' of decomposition—
 Now *heat* to mankind's indispensable,
 And of its value we're e'er sensible ;
 But th' vagrant *something* has escaped, always,*
 And so we'll fix it—prison it as we please !
 We'll stores *condense*, (antipodes of ice,)
 Then weigh, and measure it, to sell at price !"

" All this, my dear, is very, very fine,
 And next you'll give us petrified moonshine !"

" We are preparing, for high air, a lens,
 To hold communion with Lunarians !
 Wont they be wild ? as up their ' shakos' toss,
 And down the tube, they sing the ' Man of *Rosse*.'
 Speaking machines † we've introduced in town,
 Which p'raps *your* opposition will run down ; ‡

* "The Vagrant *something* has escaped always."—Hence a child will ask where does the fire go to, when it goes out ?

† "Sprach Maschine."—M. Faber, of Freibourg, is the inventor.

‡ "Which p'raps *your* opposition will run down."—No doubt he thought with Juvenal

"The lettered wife is still a greater pest,
 Whose larum tongue at table, knows no rest."—*Sat.* 6th.

Yet they sell well, (to creditors' keen sorrow,)
 To give for answers—' pray, sir, call to-morrow.'
 Our Argosies for speed, shall be *inclined*,
 ' Wedge-like' to force their way, *impell'd behind*.
 Next, Naval batt'ries we'll build,—*a-la* kettle,
 To shew the world, the true—*Britannia metal*!
 Whilst cannons, 'stead of roaring, shall play song,
 And ' curves acoustic' *i o paeans* prolong!"

" *Taisez vous*—Prodigies prevail enough,
 Literature itself partakes thereof!
 Well may the critic lash the page that flows
 With punning puerilities—puling prose ;
 Where vulgar cant, and slang, are pass'd for wit,
 And mind is to be reach'd but by—a *hit*;
 And where the Muse, in modern grace, must prance,
 All *fytte and start*—like to St. Vitus' Dance.
 Poor ' tuneful Nine,' ye, once so bright a bevy,
 Are fading fast, and growing old and *heavy*.

New fangled theories—new names from Greek—
 New turn'd old coats, mere poverty bespeak ;
 Whilst Reason's prism, proves your ' brilliant themes,'
 Are, like the Iris, evanescent beams.
 No solid worth, no standard work is now ;
 The wreath of genius withers for a brow ;
 The Lyre of poesy is all unstrung—
 Its strains unwept—the fire of soul, unsung !
 And mind's *debris* hath deluged us with verses,
 Fit to delight but—chambermaids, and nurses.
 Apollo frowns, to find his sons not better—
 Parnassus strewn with literary litter,
 And purling sweetness of Castalian streams,
 In harmony running with—cast-iron's strains !*

* Elegant cast iron Piano Fortes are now manufactured in London.

What's really *good*, its benefits you lose,
 For 'stead of rightly *using*, you *abuse* ;
Soi-disant learning to presumption leads,
 Science is cheapen'd, ' he who runs *now* reads.'
 But few hypotheses, stand th' test of truth,
 That are misleading our confiding youth ;
 ' Physical science,' based on ' earth' you have,
 But false premises wrong conclusions give.
 Mistaken systems speculation's brought,
 As if no ' miracle' had e'er been wrought !
 Earth was not made of coats, like onion peel,
 Requiring Time to dislocate—unveil,
 And slowly furnish, with organic life ;
 'Twas to CREATION call'd !! In beauties—rife !
 Foliage bright growing, hill and valley fair ;
 Rivers soft flowing—flowerets scenting air,
 And various creatures fluttering with delight,
 As if they'd *heretofore* enjoyed the ' Light.'
 All did appear to flow, as *consequence*,
 Else, would no *nombril* mark our first Parents !
They did not theorize, and fossils see,
 To age the world ! Why, therefore, then should *we* ?

Where's modest merit—valued information ?
 Scarce, as are good thoughts in a congregation.
 Spirit of Pindar, vivify my rhyme,
 Hypocrisy, in ethics, is a crime ;
 For vice—you'll calculate the horoscope,
 You judge of virtue—by the microscope.
 It may be, ' Talent has no clime—no time,'
 But, like your feeling, *yours* is mock sublime.
 No plan is taught of grand utility ;
 Nor is Man brought to true nobility !"

" I do confess, there's too much affectation ;
All would be wise, to hear their *own* relation.

Think not, with Hudibras, that I compound
For sins, with which my inclination's found,
By cursing those to which I have no mind !
I see in front, their folly ;—vice behind.
E'en men of med'cine, with strange vauntings come,
 ' Prescribe '—' exhibit '—have wise haws, all *hum* ;
Whilst they, the pulse that pulsates unto—purse,
Reduce, to bulletin—' he's rather worse.'
Then, those who such attention can't receive,
 Acid hydrocyanic, will relieve !
Patients ! have patience, they'll remove your wants ;
 They've ' kingdoms,' min'ral, animal, and plants.
 Iron reddens us—*Gold* dispels all gloom,
 Gastrics ' take out the oxygen from chrome.'
 Then chlorine, when combin'd with lime, is found
T' impinge upon the muriates, which around
 The stomach are ; when ' decomposition
 Double' takes place, without intermission.
 Fudgery ! Some treat the stomach's quality,
 As wanting th' *principle of vitality* ;
 And reason, as though chemic actions, there,
 Were just—as if conducted in the air !
 Scar'd by their nostrums, off disease *must* hie ;
 ' Pollen' doth germinate,—'till men are *fungi* !
 And when the sufferer, once stout and hale is,
 His fob next suffers by their ' *digit*-alis.'
 They *steep* their victims—in distress untold,
 Then those who're in *hot water*, must take *cold*.
 O, fair *HYGEIA*, piteous thy doom,
 With mortal skeletons they'd build thy tomb !

The 'prentice boy, of mercenary toil ;
 The *erring* hod-man, from ' the Emerald Isle ;'
 The silly clerk, *bewhisker'd*, chain'd, and smear'd
 On lip, to shew if he's no brains, he's beard ;

The smoking fop, who thinks, in folly ripe,
 To feign th' Arcadian Shepherd with his *pipe* ;
 And loom lad, whom the shuttle so confines,
 (*Like Grub street spider, living by spun lines*.) *
 Must all, forsooth, in science dabble now,
 And to the Lecture—'stead of—wash-tub, go ;
 Stow cyclopædias in greasy ' castors,'
 And prate as learnedly—as do their masters !
 In borrowed plume and phrase, they walk, and sail ;
 Then to Moll Mop, they spout the studied tale,
 About—' deficiencies of sense, as is
 In all our masters, and our missuses !'

Not only *these* their 'frothy fustian' pour
 Unto each other, in the stolen hour ;
 But those on high—apart—in wealth who rove,
 And through aristocratic mazes move
 In pride of rent roll, and long pedigree,
 Blazoning from th' conquest a rich heraldry ;
They also pseudo scientific ways,
 Adopt for—gambling in its several *lays* !
 They chance's doctrines never overlook,
 But all their wit lies in a ' betting book.'
 ' They venture thousands, countless, at a throw,
 Yet would not give the poor—a piece'—we know ;
 And thus through life they run a giddy race,
 Mere ' make weights' in the grade of common place.

Some,—*not our betters*—in dull apathy
 Live, almost uselessly—unhonor'd die.
 Of such asks Persius—' solve me only this,
 What makes the sum of sublunary bliss ?
 Good cheer, no doubt, delicious dainty treats,
 Fine amber wine, soft pleasures, sunny heats.'

* Grub Street, formerly the Muse's well-known depôt of *attic* salt.

And some encourage the 'new arts' of course,
 To reap enjoyments *new*—refined, or coarse.
 Bah! he who thus abuses what fate gives,
 Like the sunk rock, is shun'd by him that LIVES.
 Go, ye deprav'd, for 'new delights' who pine,
 And bend unto Benevolence's shrine;
 Raise the lorn heart, and cherish pale Distress,
 'Twill bring a 'new'—a *lasting* happiness.
 Too few there are who've felt and understood,
 The grateful glow, that springs from doing good;
 The heart feels happy—dignified the Soul,
 And Hope shews, smiling, its assured goal;
 Then Mem'ry, in the hour of thought e'er kind,
 Brings her photography t' illume the mind;
 Again you see the trembling tear charg'd eye,
 That beam'd its thanks for well tim'd charity;
 When the sav'd victims' struggles did distress ye,
 And their full hearts burst, almost, with—'GOD BLESS YOU!'
 These are the joys that Avarice ne'er felt,
 Yet they are such *my* ev'ry nerve do melt;
 But I e'er *tell* the dictates I've obey'd,
 For men of science always make—parade;
 We know, the world holds on our Body *inquest*,
 And yielding *principal* obtains an *interest*!

Conventional forms, and prejudice's rules,
 Constrain the rich to think the poor mere tools;
 Or, that they're *mucilage* in the general mass,
 Which they'd *precipitate*—a fallen class;
 Though 'thrown down'—not subdued—MIND can't therestop,
 For as gas, sacred, 'twill *rise* to the top;
 There glitt'ring, radiate *reflected light*,
 'Till, high in heaven, it wings its wonted flight.
 Think me not cynical, my dearest love,
 Whilst, o'er frail errors, I thus freely rove,

With admonition, kindness would I blend,
 In words '*parrhesian*,'* not meant to offend.
 As bright examples yet exist, thank heaven,
 To whom a SOUL, as well as wealth, is given;
 Unostentatious, these their gifts employ,
 The foci of true gratitude, and joy.
 Fain would I name these 'stars' † that cheer our skies;
 'Tis not invidious—would all '*did likewise*!'

Whilst that too many, Pallas mystify,
 Enveiling her in ambiguity;
 Some, Arts affect! buy pictures by *the foot*,
 And sculpture by *the pound*, *sans* judgment, but
 They've money! ergo, wisdom by prescription,
 As evidence—their annual subscription!
 Zest for th' *recherché*, Commerce gives 'white-wigs,'
 Where Taste is bred, and Patrons foster——"

" 'Figs!' "

" See love, the upstart MÆCENAS doth swell,
 On being visited by Beau, and Belle,
 Who praise his gallery, *bizarre* to view,
 And pictures criticise—"That's good," cries Beau,
 'A *chef-d'œuvre*?' says MÆCENAS, 'No
 Sir, it's a Claude. Sal Vatter painted tother,
 Cuyp finish'd this, and Mister Both the other!'
 'Indeed!'—"How pretty," lisps the Belle, now speaking,
 'How *warm* he is—how excellent *his keeping*!
 His *sheep's head*'s fine, his *horns* with grace deflective;
 And who e'er saw such *aerial perspective*?'
 The Beau rejoins,—'Here's *moderns*, I declare,
 Martin, Maclise—and next, a vile Landseer!'
 'Yes,' quoth the Host, 'I bought 'em in the City,
 Not for the fashion, but they're—dev'lish pretty!'

* See Revelation, Chap. ii. v's. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

† There are some *stars*, of the Order of the Garter, that shine with unsullied splendor.

But here's a landscape, *all* consider fine :
 Look at *that* bridge—*that* fisherman, *that* line ;
That shadow of *that* fish-rod in *that* brook—
That little fish—the *lights* upon *that* hook !
 Then, he's so *natural* with *that* vacant stare,
 The sun-set glories warming his *red hair* !
 'Magnificent !' exclaim the pair, in haste
 To seem obsequious to his high-soul'd 'taste !'

So hence pretension ! *Practical* I'll be,
 And illustrate the Aërostat to thee.
 Then chace that care thy beauteous face that shrouds,
 For *we transported* have been in the clouds ;
 And I, once in the 'Waddle Wing,' skim'd on,
 To fetch some trinkets for you from Canton ;
 Back I return'd before the next night-fall,
 In time for your *entrè* at Meira's ball.
 Then why, my dear, my present trip mistrust,
 Is it because that once my boiler burst ?"

"Ah love it is—when bursting does take place,
 I care not if it be in the right place :
 But when you are away so far from me,
 I know not what the consequence may be ;
 The owner of the 'Soar-High' far did roam,
 Whilst his poor lady sorrow'd sore at home ;
 But worse than fears—she'd telescopic view,
 He'd got some ladies, book'd as cargo, though,
 Which was not fair, for comfort leave not earth's,
 In such machines there can't be room for berths ;
 And, only think,—it shocks one's senses quite—
 Of Gents. and Ladies being *up* all night !
 Amongst light æther, liquids boil *so hot*,
Metal may melt, and then—down comes the lot ;
 'Tis true, the captain of the famous 'Rocket,'
 Once hook'd his anchor in St. Peter's pocket ;

But he was vex'd—He wont have such securing;
And then, 'mongst '*good intentions*'* there's no mooring."

The luncheon done, the bell is rung straightway,
The *tête à tête* disturb'd for—"take away;"
When, to th' surprise of lady, and of lord,
John thus began—and of his own accord:—

"Master,—as how—that Man as brought the note,
And gav't to Abigail—then wet his throat
With our pale beer,—Betsy, she smirk'd, and smil'd,
As if by Cupid, in red plush, beguiled;
Quite vex'd, I kick'd him! Betsy vapour'd high,
So then to *magnify* her I would try,
Just like accordingly as you did say;
But all my *burnishment* went tother way:
My *murmerizing* only made her worse,
'Till all her passion burst into a curse;
At last, with poker, she did raise this lump,
To make on my *amativeness* † a bump!"

The lady frown'd, and pointed to the door,
John bow'd, and briskly brush'd across the floor;
But nettled sore, his Master's smile to see,
He gruffly mutter'd—"nobody pities me."

The balmy breezes waft the sky along,
Which fain our 'squire would wend his way among;
He con'd his watch, took up his gloves, and he
Resolv'd to go, per *French-leave*,—"P. P. C."
So lovingly he sooth'd his handsome spouse,
Who seem'd absorb'd in care, for him, or—th' house.

"Thy beauteous face reminds me that on high,
We're apt to meet angelic company;

* "*Good intentions*," it is said, form the *pavement* of the *bottomless pit*.

† *Craniology* is a "*science of quantistiy*," not of *quality*.

Yet all is 'fair above board', whilst we jog,
 Majestic wheel-work ne'er going well *incog*.
 And o'er my heart, my Mary still holds sway,
 Where'er, o'er *ills* of life, I wing my way ;
 Then sigh not—sorrowful—take comfort dear,
 These lips shall brush that pretty, pearl-like tear ;
 Affection's fears shall gratitude impart,
 And make love's ardour circle round my heart.
 Come smile—I'll something *new* have *on my head*,
 A fresh contrivance—Zephyr's Aërial Bed ;
 The fabric is so fine, that, folded up
 It lies, unwanted, in my travelling cap,
 But would protect me, falling to the ground,
 As 'twould expand, and all elastic, bound ;
 And then, our cabin which us snugly coops,
 Is hung on gimbals with concentric hoops,
 Which keep us safe—heed not other persons ;
 For we're fearless—save, on taking parsons ,
 We find, on navigating clouds, the priest,
 With bigot mind, still thinks his own way best ;
 Pretends to steer, and know each course, and rout it,
 Though nearer heaven, the less he knows about it !

Our cordage brac'd in unison around,
 Yields, on the wind, æolian's sweet sound,
 Dulcet, yet delicate, each symphony,
 Like major beauties, on a minor key.
 Then we're so rapid—'scaping light'ning's flash ;
 Or, riding on its flame we onwards dash.
 No rocks nor sands—no leaks assail us there ;
 'Latitude and longitude,' give no care.
 We are securer than the thin shell'd ship,
 That through salt billows dares her dang'rous trip ;
 Whilst her calm passenger he never flinches,
 Though from eternity, but some three inches !

Why should *we* fear ? whose motto is, my love,
 ‘ *Set your affections upon things above.* ’ ” *

“ Does not Monotony bring some alloys ?
 When Novelty’s no more, e’en Pleasure cloy.”

“ O no, my dear, amusements varied are,
 Excellent fishing we have from our car ;
 ’Tis sport, a fine fat rustic to haul in,
 Who, fast asleep, from heat is sheltering ;
 Gods, how they stare ! and rub their rolling eyes,
 When they perceive they’re floating in the skies.
 Sometimes they pray—and cry, ‘ oh, mercy, D***l ! ’
 Sometimes they say, ‘ good Angel scathing evil,
 Forgive us, as we’re sinners, without merits ;’
 For they e’er think they’re in the world of spirits.
 ‘ O, let me back ! ’—an Old Wife pleaded still,
 ‘ And yo may tak my husband, if yo will.’

To shoot, we care not, coveys—such our run—
 We *spit* by our bowsprit, *forking* each one.
 We’ve also other sources of delight,
 When, like ‘ pure lilies,’ we are *out all night*.
 We float in joys, amidst a nether heaven ;
 Escaping latitat, and lawyer leaven,
 That mischief work, by agents void of honor,
 Who’d guide a client to defraud his brother.
 And when we want some special spot of ground,
 We high ascend—stand still—while th’ world goes round ;
 Then when the place doth underneath us pop,
 We sink right down, and straight upon it drop.
 We’ve ne’er discover’d—though it was our drift—
 Swift’s ‘ Flying Island,’ e’en although we’re *swift*,

* Colossians, Chap. 3, v 2.

But found in fact, 'tis vanish'd! (first vacated,)
 An th' science-mongers 'mong us snugly seated;
 Hence comes the blaze of wonders super-human,
 Terra commanding, flashing Jove's dire fulmen;
 His very eagle mourning his bolt's loss,
 And Jupiter himself becoming *Crosse*!

Should screw propellers even wear in use,
 Thou needst not apprehend, *a screw is loose*.
 And when I am 'the *highest man* o'th town,'
 Thou needst not apprehend my *coming down*.
 So true are we, all *mails* go by this art,
 And all the females go to see them start;
 Turnpike-trustees with rail-directors whine
 In mournful ditty, and in *measured line*;
 M'Adam's *gravel'd* at the sad mishap,
 But *paving boards* are getting 'up to trap';
 'Tis plain, however, *vain* are their essays,
 For *blockheads* form but very *wooden ways*.

*Pholas that bore, with fervid tongue, the rock,
 Have given us phosphorescence for our smoke,
 So when it streaks the zenith, as we sail,
 All shall admire the BRILLIANCE OF OUR TAIL.

Then off to Afric will I straightway dash,
 And bring thee fruits, and ostrich eggs quite fresh;
 Which for a breakfast will be nice, no doubt,
 With ladles delicately emptied out;
 Hush then thy fears, and cease thy poor heart's flutter,
 I'll bring thee dates, and vegetable butter;

* A species of shell fish, the word "Pholas" is derived from the Greek word signifying *hidden*. The animal, which is an ascidia, is found *hidden* with its shell, in the orifice which it is enabled to make through the hardest rocks. It is the "Dactylus" of Pliny—the "Dail" of the French, and is so remarkably luminous, that it has been call'd "the true natural phosphorus."

Bread fruit, just ripe—bright fur of leopard's hide,
 Love-birds, and tam'rinds, guava too beside ;
 (P'raps catch, alive, amidst our distant twirls,
 A waiting black boy, stringed up in pearls,)
 Spices, gems, gold dust, ivory, and in bloom
 A rich *bouquet*, all fragrant in perfume."

" Oh beautiful! my dear,—Then don't be long,
 Nor stay to listen to Miss Sambo's song ;
 The sable syrens of those climes I fear,
 For oft play *foul* the subtle *Afric Fair* ;
 Their ebon charms might lure thee from my love,
 For grace so sweet, *sans vinaigrette*, might move ;
 All say they're 'sweet', their nectar'd lips who sip,
 Just as in palm oil they have had a dip.
 Nor harems seek, those Mussulmans to ape ;
 Nor even touch *America's south cape*.
 And whilst thou skims Zaara's arid plain,
 I, in my *boudoir*, faithful will remain,
 Sighing in silence at thy fearful flight,
 And watching anxious, morning, noon, and night.
 Still I'll anticipate thy quick return,
 With my reward, so love's bright blaze may burn.

But of the ostrich, only think, a plume
 Imported 'genuine' 'twould grace my bloom,
 Shouldst thou the bird see, difficult to win,
 Just soar above, and gently *hook him in*."

" I will, my love, farewell, for time it flies,
 Though I *depart*, we'll meet,—(perhaps in th' skies)"

He pass'd a signal to th' "magnetic station,"
 Which telegraph'd it to his assignation.
 John brought the Aërial round to the hall door,
 And o'er its joints some Croton oil did pour ;

Swearing that *that* would make it *work* like bricks ;
 Then wings of whalebone deftly did he fix ;
 Next, to make certain it should fly its rout,
 He brought its new elliptic *fly wheel* out ;
 Round which on the periphery, it flings
 On right and left, a hundred of—" *goose wings*."
 He charg'd with spirits the hot boiler's hold,
 Whose vapour wav'd the wings, the wheels too roll'd ;
 The steam of æolopile behind,
 Blew with a force, like Boreas does, with wind ;
 Impatient seem'd it of this earth's enthrall,
 But John, with cunning, led it 'gainst the wall,
 Where loud it snorted, whirl'd, and fizz'd, as quite
 In eagerness to get aloft in flight.
 The great skyrocket underneath its beams,
 Whose office is to start it up, it seems—
 As impetus instead of an incline—
 Was not yet fix'd, though all prepared the line,
 Which, by electric pow'r, enflames the wire,
 That sets it off, to "set the world on fire ;"
 Otherwise this pegasus, sure enough,
 Lively, and *spirited*, would have whisk'd off.

Now came the 'squire with his dear dame to th' door,
 And loud John flourish'd the steam-trumpet's roar,
 That awful blast which rattling o'er the ground,
 So often frights the vulgar by the sound ;
 Who think it the "last trumpet," and they bend,
 In resolution their sad lives to mend.
 Then clear'd the reins from both the steering flaps,
 And buckled down the instruments and "traps,"
 The disc of the depressor he let fall,
 (Because he knew his master meant "a call ;")
 Next, all prepared, to please his good employer,
 He stow'd some Burgundy, and, stirr'd the fire ;

The wife—in dolor—as the 'squire off flew,
 Gave him a kiss!—John gave him, a corkscrew.
 Whiz! went the rocket, up the aërial rose,
 She waves her wings, and trims her as she goes;
 Then wheels in circlets, and careers around,
 As if rejoic'd to get above the ground.
 Now set her course is, fix'd her patent eyes,
 To see the way, and guide her as she flies;
 Then off in tangent doth she dart along,
 Her steam-horns cheerful as the laverock's song;
 The wife, with eye bedim'd, now gazed—delight!
 Nay, happy seem'd—to “see him *out of sight!*”

A gay Gallant, in elegant machine,
 To call upon the Dame was shortly seen;
 And *vis à vis*, to take the morning air,
 Off flew aloft the interesting pair!

FINIS.

LIVERPOOL:

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